

Oxford County Advertiser.

VOL. 58. NEW SERIES XV.

NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1884.

NO. 33.

One Square (12 lines, 1 inch space) 1 week, \$1.00
 Each continuation, .25
 One Square, (one inch of space) per year, 7.00
 Cards of thanks, obituary notices, resolutions, etc., \$1 each, or 5 cents per line. Local advertising inserted at the established rates.
 A liberal discount by the column or year.

POWER JOB PRINTING

Of every kind and form neatly and promptly done at this office at the Lowest Prices.

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JOB PRINTING

Of every kind and form neatly and promptly done at this office at the Lowest Prices.

POETRY.

The Garden of Eden,

Rev. Joseph S. David's Lecture.

BY J. ALBERT LEBY.

And so at last we find ourselves deceived,
 In what for ages, people have believed.
 As Mr. David wisely doth unfold,
 The meaning of the story Moses told.
 White Col. R. G. I. may readily
 To suit the Devil and his double school,
 The Reverend Mr. D. rises to say,
 "The not without cause, I say."
 If we admit the story to be true—
 So Mr. D. innocently says to you,
 And he goes on in philosophic strain,
 To put the "garden in the mind" (or brain)
 And talks of trees there growing, and their fruit.
 The serpent (a low principle) around the tree,
 As if the story told of Eden ran,
 And from the garden into the mind,
 "Twas just the opposite what Moses said,
 And out of Eden into the mind,
 "Eastward in Eden was a state of love,
 (Remember that) the Lord's love,
 Please to explain sir, father—how to find
 The points of compass in the human mind;
 And tell us of the story if you please.
 As you have wisely told us of the tree,
 Please to explain sir, father—how to find
 The points of compass in the human mind;
 And tell us of the story if you please.
 As you have wisely told us of the tree,
 Please to explain sir, father—how to find
 The points of compass in the human mind;
 And tell us of the story if you please.

Perchance we went for slaves, it is not told—
 The name is quite significant I see,
 Where out of Eden we went to find
 There, why not I explain as well as you—
 If we depart from what is really true,
 You say "there was no Adam as a man,
 No woman, Eve," according to the plan
 Adam was "created" and "only love,"
 And so the ancient landmarks you remove;
 If you admit the story to be true,
 You have to change throughout God's reveal.

The story is quite easy as it reads;
 And from the book all the book proceeds—
 Man sinned in Eden tempted of the Devil,
 God sent him forth to die there for the evil.
 So, sweet and sorrow, now we have found,
 And the white dusty curse upon the ground;
 And then, at last, to dust they must return,
 Leaving the living friends behind to mourn;
 These the remains today for me and you,
 Proving that Eden story really true.
 The first man Adam was called, another came,
 And joy for Earth and Man is in His name.
 Castleton, Vt., Aug. 1, 1884.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

Miriam Douglas.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, sir; but
 the lock on your satchel is broken,
 making the things unsafe, besides be-
 ing a very shabby old bag, sir, begging
 your pardon." So quoth Eliza, relict
 of Josiah Nims, the sexton, to her lod-
 ger, the Reverend Julius Byron.

"What a bore," exclaimed this gen-
 tleman, "when I really haven't the
 time to attend to anything except these
 letters."

"I have an errand which takes me
 past Piper and Tipson's; I could buy
 you a new satchel, if you would trust
 me. Going among all these fine people
 at the wedding with your lock tied up
 with a bit of string wouldn't do at all,
 sir."

"Thank you, Mrs. Nims; I have a
 great trust in your judgment, and
 should be obliged if you would attend
 to this matter for me and save me go-
 ing into town."

As the door closed after his landlady,
 the Reverend Julius Byron resumed
 his writing with a sigh of relief. As
 he sat leaning his head on his disengaged
 hand, he pondered how much he owed
 to stone for plainness in all other features.
 Julius Byron was an ideal picture of a
 student—brown eyes with a fair dreamy
 look, hair long enough to show a ten-
 dency to wave loosely back from the
 forehead, and a pale, clear complexion,
 set off by a golden-brown velvetine,
 which he wore when in his study.

Twenty-nine years old, undeniably
 handsome, gifted with winning man-
 ners, and shepherd of a flock most wil-
 ling to be guided, Julius Byron, as if
 by a miracle, had escaped being spoiled
 and petted into effeminacy. His safe-
 guard lay perhaps, in a pair of soft
 eyes which held him spell-bound for a
 few rapturous weeks, and the
 witchery of which had lasted over
 three years, almost total separation.
 Miriam Douglas, dispensing tea and
 gingerbread to a horde of charity-
 children in the park at Mount Edgecombe,
 was one of the prettiest and daintiest
 Hebes, in a muslin dress, in color
 matching forget-me-nots and her eyes
 equally well, and with roses at her
 waist and throat which stole their deli-
 cate tint from her cheeks. Miriam was
 seventeen that day, and the blue muslin
 was her first long dress; to this little
 lassie paid far more attention than
 to the admiring gaze of two dreamy
 brown eyes. After the feast, there
 were offerings of flowers, good wishes,
 and rather too many kisses and em-
 braces from the charity-children; and
 among her other trophies, Miriam
 Douglas carried away the heart of the
 Reverend Julius Byron. Had she
 known this, it would have affected her
 less than the consciousness that the
 Barclay girls, her former playmates,
 were curiously admiring the grown-up
 womanish arrangement of her hair.

There were a few tennis-parties and
 five o'clock teas after this, during which
 Mr. Byron worshipped his divinity from
 afar. She seemed a little in awe of
 him, and rarely spoke to him more
 than five minutes at a time. What a
 delightful task it would be to chase
 away the timidity from the soft, fawn-
 like eyes, and how pleasant to think
 that the sea-shell pink stole to her
 cheeks from joy at his approach.

Fate, however, cruelly interfered
 with Mr. Byron's dream as to awaking
 loving confidence in the bosom of this
 beautiful maiden of seventeen. In three
 short weeks, before he had made any
 perceptible headway, Miriam was sun-
 dered to the bedside of a dying rela-
 tive, and Julius Byron was called to a
 parish in a commercial town.

Three long years this idyl had been
 in the past; and through all this time
 the memory of Miriam Douglas exclud-
 ed any other love from the young cler-
 gyman's heart, though many were the
 goddesses willing to be therein enshrined.

He wondered at himself; she had
 slipped completely out of his material
 existence; he knew not where she was,
 or if she were dead, or worse—married.

Still, with all this uncertainty, he could
 not forget her, and a voice within him
 seemed to whisper that they should
 meet again.

The rapid skimming of his pen over
 the white page was stayed for the sec-
 ond time by a heavy footstep at the
 door outside; and Mrs. Nims, panting
 and crimson from the ascent of the
 steep stairs, exclaimed—

"There, sir—you could not have
 found a cheaper or better satchel your-
 self, if you had searched the town from
 end to end. Piper & Tipson say on
 their oath that it is a first-rate one, and
 that you needn't fear exchanging with
 any one by mistake, for they had only
 one of the kind. This decided me to
 take it, for, being a very absent-minded
 gentleman, you might easily pick up
 the wrong bag."

"Thank you, Mrs. Nims, thank you;
 each time that you do anything for me,
 you give me cause to admire your
 clever management and foresight."

In the wedding to take place on the
 following day, Mr. Byron felt no par-
 ticular interest. The contracting par-
 ties were almost strangers to him, as
 were also the guests, with the exception
 of Willis Howard, a school-chum of
 days gone by, and a friend ever since
 of the young clergyman.

Owing to the illness of the bride's
 mother, the ceremony was performed
 at home. It was a pretty wedding, the
 bride graceful, sweet and pale as a lily
 in her sheeny, fleecy drapery; and
 among the guests was the subdued mer-
 chant which prevails when the enter-
 tainment exhibit unreservedly the signs
 of joy and sorrow—the smile and tear
 both coming from the heart.

After the ceremony, Mr. Byron be-
 lieved himself to a dressing-room to fold
 his surplice and replace it in the satchel
 chosen by Mrs. Nims. While so en-
 gaged the letter was handed to him with
 the word "Immediate" written con-
 spicuously on the envelope. The con-
 tents were as follows:

"Marlow Hall, Thursday, 18th.

"If the Reverend Julius Byron could
 find it convenient to officiate at a pri-
 vate baptism this afternoon at Marlow
 Hall, he would confer a great favor on
 the undersigned. Mr. Byron is thank-
 ful for any solution of the difficulty.

"Tell your mother that I shall be very
 grateful for the loan she proposes, if
 she thinks the deception will not be
 discovered."

The servant vanished, and was soon
 night-gown. The neck of the satchel
 had been torn down to admit broader
 shoulders, and a linen handkerchief
 had been hastily stitched in to hide the
 rent. Most of the ornamentation had
 been cut away; but enough remained
 to prove that the garment belonged to
 a lady of very dainty tastes.

Thankful for this semblance of a sur-
 plice, and too hurried to feel amuse-
 ment, Mr. Byron arrayed himself, en-
 tered the chancel, and the service be-
 gan at once. He observed with a sigh
 of thankfulness that the chapel was
 very dark; and this enabled him to read
 without much nervousness. Two gen-
 tlemen came forward with the baby
 and its nurse, and for a brief time dur-
 ing the service, the young clergyman
 saw indistinctly the slender figure of
 a lady in the dimly-lighted aisle. Be-
 lieving the end of the ceremony her feelings
 seemed to overcome her, for she left
 the church stifling what might have
 been a sob, but which sounded strange-
 ly like a laugh.

What Mr. Byron feared would be a
 trying ordeal was soon over, and he re-
 entered the vestry-room with a much
 lighter heart than when he left it. While
 disrobing, a name in indelible ink
 on the gown attracted his attention.
 Perhaps he should have respected his
 lady benefactress' wish to remain un-
 known; but the temptation was too
 strong. He turned to the light and
 read the name—"Miriam Douglas!"—
 under the tucks and embroidery of the
 robe which he had just discarded.

Was it a coincidence, or had a kind
 fate led him to the shrine of his idol?
 The uncertainty was not to be borne.

"Will you ask Miss Douglas if she
 can grant me five minutes' interview
 before I go?" he said to the girl who
 came, in great trepidation for the novel
 surplice.

In a cozy little reception-room Julius
 Byron was presently received by her
 who had been the companion of his
 happiest dreams during more than
 three years. The blushing bashfulness
 had vanished, leaving in its stead a
 graceful, womanly dignity. She was a
 sweeter, fairer Miriam even than of
 old, divinely tall and most divinely fair.

"Oh, Mr. Byron, how horrified you
 must be! You signed initials only to
 your note, and I, little suspected to
 whom I was offering that garment. I
 recognized you at once in church, and
 in spite of the solemnity of the occa-
 sion, I had to laugh. It was such an
 uncommonly bad fit!"

"It was a great boon to me, and I
 shall be everlastingly grateful to you
 for coming to the rescue."

A sudden interference as to the hours
 of departing trains seemed to take pos-
 session of Mr. Byron, and he found
 himself with a certain amount of equi-
 vocation accepting an invitation to spend
 the night at the hall of his friend, Mr.
 Willis Howard, of his visit to her
 mother, Mrs. Marlow, Miriam be-
 lieved herself to the house of a friend,
 who extended many informal invitations
 to Mr. Byron as well.

One soft fragrant evening, among
 the June roses, Julius Byron told his

love-story; and Miriam listened with a
 look in her eyes which told her lover
 that he spoke not in vain.

"How provoked you, in your turn,
 must have been at finding my surplice
 instead of the fawn gown!" said Mr.
 Byron to his friend Willis, when they
 again met.

"I was in a rage at first, I admit,"
 answered Mr. Howard. "But affairs
 turned out not so bad after all. I put
 on the surplice to see how it became
 me, when one of the maids, catching a
 glimpse of me through the window, set
 up a scream, declaring that she had
 seen a ghost. This brought a lot of
 visitors out of their rooms, among
 whom, to my surprise was Edith Ful-
 ton—my Edith you know. We had
 quarreled and parted, never to meet
 again, but the ridiculous feature of this
 scene seemed to melt the ice between
 us, and—well, Byron, I have
 blessed the memory of your surplice
 ever since!"

"That contrivance of the satchel was
 a lucky thing for us both."

"Piper & Tipson and their humbugs
 forever!" exclaimed young Howard.

[Written for the Advertiser.]
 From Bethel to Grafton.

BY MARK TAPLEY.

One remarkable illusion has ever at-
 tended our journey up Bear River.
 As we approach the grand and lofty
 mountains at Grafton Notch, the road
 seems to gradually descend toward the
 mountains, thereby creating the im-
 pression that the river runs up hill,
 while the truth is exactly the opposite.

If we are not careful to bear this fact
 in mind we are apt to hurry our horse
 too hard.

Leaving Foster's we next come to
 the Poplar Hotel kept by Charles Bar-
 lett. Here the scenery becomes rough
 and rugged. The high cliffs come very
 close to the river banks, leaving just
 space enough for a road. The river
 dashes wildly down through deep cuts
 and rugged rocks. Just above Bar-
 lett's, on the west side of the road, may
 be found a deep cavity in the ledge
 some six feet in diameter and perfectly
 round. As to its depth we cannot tell.
 How it came there no one knows or
 can give the least idea. The scenery
 soon becomes placid. The intervals
 extending back for many rods all clothed
 in verdant beauty.

fell in with three gentlemen from Phil-
 adelphia, on a tour of the Lakes, who
 manifested the greatest surprise at see-
 ing such fine residences and beautiful
 farms, among the wilds of Maine.

"Why, said one, we supposed that when
 we left Bethel station, we should occa-
 sionally pass a log hut containing a
 frowzy headed woman and a snarl of
 dirty faced young ones, with a door-
 yard full of muddy pigs and starved
 curs. But to our surprise we find neat
 and tidy cottages, pretty lawns and
 flower gardens, highly cultivated farms
 and intelligent people, as we must own
 far superior to our own state."

We manifested them that they had quite
 a journey before them before reaching
 the wilds of Maine; that they would
 find no settlement however isolated it
 might be, without its aristocracy, or
 those who try to be toney.

After we cross the Grafton line, the
 scene becomes more wild and interest-
 ing. Far stretching to the North East
 lies old Saddle Back, while on the West
 towers grandly the lofty summit of old
 Spot. We ascend a sharp hill near
 Screw Anger Falls and met a fine span
 driven by a fine looking gentleman, ac-
 companied by three ladies. "Hold on
 Captain!" said the driver, "you're going
 into danger." Presently, Bang! went
 a stunning explosion, following by a
 shower of small stones falling in all
 directions, cutting a large quantity of
 leaves from the trees. We, soon, de-
 scended Uncle Ed. Richards. "What are
 you doing, and we," saying to blow
 up the falls?" "No no," said the did
 pioneer good naturedly, "only making
 a hole for your pony so she won't
 fall down." We were right glad to
 see this job being done, as many a
 poor horse has had his knees bruised
 on this steep barren ledge.

We now come to the falls, which is
 one of the most wonderful and interest-
 ing features of nature we ever beheld. A
 immense fissure, some twelve to twenty
 feet wide, and we should judge thirty
 feet deep, extends for several rods
 through the solid ledge. The low
 end of this channel is nearly closed
 at the bottom, but considerably widened
 at the top. When the river is high
 this causes a terrific whirlpool, which
 almost makes one giddy to look upon.
 Several large cavities appear in the per-
 pendicular sides of this channel, per-
 fectly round, and about the size of a
 hoghead, looking as though they had
 been bored with an augur. Hence the
 name, Screw Anger Falls.

The general theory is that these cav-
 ities were formed by the stones carried
 by the whirlpool, which must have
 been the work of ages. A city visitor
 once asked us what reason we could
 assign for these wonderful works. We
 replied that "we could think of none

Oxford County Advertiser.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1884.

(Entered as Second Class mail matter.)

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
Hillside Home School.
Boston & Maine Railroad.
Farm & Orchard.
Carriage & Wagon.
Fruit & Produce.
Lumber & Building.
Sole Excise Wood Pulp Co.

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

Asa True of the Bakery Store has a new store wagon.

Choice family flour at C. H. Noble's cheap for cash.

Mrs. Fred Mitchell, of Bath, is visiting at H. L. Horne's.

C. N. Tubbs & Co. have just received 500 lbs. of choice flour; see adv.

J. C. Bennett has a new clerk at his town, Henry Weston of this town.

Mrs. Alice Oxnard and son are visiting at her brother's C. S. Tucker.

You will find the largest assortment and best cigars at C. H. Noble's.

E. A. Barton, our correspondent at Casco, stepped in to see us a few moments Friday.

Bird food, something every owner of a bird should have, is for sale at W. S. Abbott's.

A Jersey waist has been lost on Park or Main Sts. The finder will please leave it at this office.

Rev. A. B. Lovell, our correspondent at Bolster's Mills, made us a short call the past week.

Dr. E. L. Hamlin and wife, of Waterville, Mass., are visiting friends in this town.

Miss Elsie Farrow, a compositor at this office, has been spending a few days on her vacation at Portland.

C. H. Noble has peaches, pears, grapes, hammers, apples, fresh candies, nuts, etc. of the best quality.

Chas. F. Whitman esq. attended the State Muster, and wrote some interesting letters from Camp Robie.

Another of our best farmers for sale on account of the owners poor health.

Mr. H. E. Brown wishes to sell his farm; see advertisement.

P. N. Chick of North Newry has been visiting this village for several days for the Advertiser, and intends to move into town soon.

Rev. Miss Angel of the Universalist church is taking her vacation. There will be no service at the church till the first Sabbath in September.

Choice teas, coffees, spices, canned goods and groceries at bottom prices and orders promptly attended to at C. H. Noble's.

C. S. Gosse, advertising agent, 41 Kilby St., Boston, has been taking a short vacation in town.

Mr. George H. Warren, H. S. Horne, and Ed. Thayer.

Mr. W. H. Whitcomb has had the Frost field on the side of Pike Hill, surveyed by Mr. S. A. Stevens, and a map made of the field containing some seven acres.

Mr. Stevens lays a street through it to intersect with Greenleaf avenue, and to continue with the street to the water front.

He also divides the land into twenty-seven lots. The larger lots to contain nearly a quarter of an acre of land each.

This field is up some of the finest building lots in the village. The drainage is excellent, and the water good, while their nearness to the business portion of the village will make them very desirable.

The lots will be put on the market at an early date, and if we miss take no several houses will be built on them before winter comes.

REPUBLICAN SPEAKERS.
Gen. J. L. Swift, Andover, Saturday, Aug. 18.
Gen. James A. Hill, Portland, Sunday, Aug. 19.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Monday, Aug. 20.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Tuesday, Aug. 21.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Wednesday, Aug. 22.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Thursday, Aug. 23.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Friday, Aug. 24.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Saturday, Aug. 25.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Sunday, Aug. 26.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Monday, Aug. 27.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Tuesday, Aug. 28.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Wednesday, Aug. 29.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Thursday, Aug. 30.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Friday, Aug. 31.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Saturday, Sept. 1.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Sunday, Sept. 2.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Monday, Sept. 3.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Tuesday, Sept. 4.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Wednesday, Sept. 5.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Thursday, Sept. 6.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Friday, Sept. 7.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Saturday, Sept. 8.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Sunday, Sept. 9.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Monday, Sept. 10.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Tuesday, Sept. 11.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Wednesday, Sept. 12.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Thursday, Sept. 13.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Friday, Sept. 14.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Saturday, Sept. 15.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Sunday, Sept. 16.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Monday, Sept. 17.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Tuesday, Sept. 18.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Wednesday, Sept. 19.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Thursday, Sept. 20.
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Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Saturday, Sept. 29.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Sunday, Sept. 30.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Monday, Oct. 1.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Tuesday, Oct. 2.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Wednesday, Oct. 3.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Thursday, Oct. 4.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Friday, Oct. 5.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Saturday, Oct. 6.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Sunday, Oct. 7.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Monday, Oct. 8.
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Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Monday, Oct. 15.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Tuesday, Oct. 16.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Wednesday, Oct. 17.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Thursday, Oct. 18.
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Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Monday, Oct. 29.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Tuesday, Oct. 30.
Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Wednesday, Oct. 31.

George S. Libby picked well filled sweet corn from his garden Aug. 16th.

The seed was obtained from a brother in Mass. and planted the 23d of May.

The number of widows in this village has been a subject of remark, and now we find five in one house, and a very pleasant and agreeable company for ladies of the average age of 75 years.

The following were their names and ages: Mrs. Fannie Milner, 83; Mrs. O. F. Brooks, 77; Mrs. Wm. Mer- lar, 70; Mrs. O. O. Brown, 69; Mrs. Thomas Ellis, 68; total, 309.

Daniel Hill has the stoutest corn on his Wileys lot of any we have seen yet.

All his crops are of remarkable growth and show the effect of high dressing and good cultivation.

The wash out at the Falls has again been repaired, and the sidewalk is open for travelers on foot.

E. H. Brown had ripe tomatoes picked from his garden Aug. 6th. The plants were bought of E. W. Howe, supplied by Rogers.

REPLY TO THE RUB.
I am still alive and selling fish every day. Also lobsters and good fresh fish of all kinds. You can rely on 10 cts. for every pound. My scales are correct, my fish are fresh and all is paid for. Lemons, two for five. Come a'long, come a'long, Annie!

J. S. Holt.

Silver Wedding.
The friends and relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. V. Twombly celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage at their residence on Deering Street Thursday afternoon and evening.

Between eighty and ninety persons were present to join in the festivities of the occasion.

A bounteous dinner was served and the occasion will long be remembered by all who took part in the celebration.

The gifts and photographs were carried off by the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Twombly were numerous and valuable.

Rev. O. S. Pillsbury made the presentation remarks. Among the presents were a large silver tea pitcher, a silver service, a silver cake basket, silver dish, one dozen silver spoons, two large silver spoons, half a dozen silver fruit knives, three silver berry spoons, two of which were lined with gold, a toilet mirror, a silver towel, a gold silver tripod tooth-pick basket and several silver dollars.

We also noticed a very nice hand worked watch case and a very pretty pair of earrings.

The volume of the presents is over \$125.00. Mr. and Mrs. Twombly accepted the presents with due appreciation of the kind regards of their friends.

EAST WATERFORD.
A large amount of damage to the crops by the late hail storm is reported in this vicinity.

It is estimated at three hundred dollars. S. S. Gilson had a fine piece of grain entirely destroyed. The corn crops are not so badly damaged.

Horace Allen came by having caught in the gear of Haskell's mill, but happily escaped with a severe bruise.

Mr. A. Adams and wife are on a visit to their daughters in Lisburn.

G. F. Ames is doing a large amount of carriage work and blacksmithing for sale.

George Johnson is thought to be improving.

MARK TAPLEY.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGE.
Fall Term begins Tuesday, Aug. 19th.

Faculty of Eleven Teachers.

Excellent College Course for Ladies; College Preparatory and usual Seminary Courses.

Normal Department; Conservatory of Music, with Full Courses.

Art and Commercial Department; Healthy Location; Best Moral Influences; Expenses Light.

Best Musical Advantages in the State.

For circulars address the President, Rev. Dr. M. Smith, A.M., Keefe Hall, Me.

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NORTH NORWAY.

Henry Tracy has a crew engaged in pelling bark. Some farmers are cutting their grain. Many fields are badly lodged.

Albion Hall has a nice colt, four months old, brought up "for land."

Mr. II. is confined to the house with rheumatism.

H. S. Jenkins' family and servant, from Boston, are boarding at Rollin Towne's.

Mrs. Nowell Young and family, from Lewiston, are rusticating at the Hayes Farm, so called, this summer.

GREENWOOD.

MOUNT ABRAM.—There is considerable feeling among the friends of Mrs. D. D. Gross in regard to her sudden death. They are not satisfied that she died a natural death; and think she might have been saved if she had been properly treated, and people are inquiring into the facts of the case.

Miss Ella Herrick will not teach the Bird Hill school for \$2.25 per week. It costs too much to educate for teaching, to be satisfied with less pay than common house-work commands. She will teach the winter term in District No. 7, where she taught the present summer, and where she is appreciated.

Jacob Emmons, seventy-nine years of age, and his son Millard have secured a large crop of hay without any help. The old gentleman mowing every day when they moved to the new place.

Abbie L. Whittle, from Portland, is visiting her mother and friends at W. G. Whittle's.

The farmers in this vicinity are winding up haying as fast as they can, but make slow progress on account of bad weather.

Mrs. Pemelia Richardson, eighty-four years of age, living in this neighborhood, and Mrs. John Swan, eighty-one years of age, living in the same neighborhood, visited Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Hayes the other day. It is said they had a jolly good time. They are smart old ladies. JOHN THORNTON.

ANDOVER.

News items are rather scarce up this way. Most of our people are busy haying. Soon they will be at leisure and then I hope there will be something going on.

Last Sunday evening Rev. Mr. French delivered a temperance lecture at the North church. The house was well filled.

While O. A. Gordon was going through his pasture one day last week he suddenly came across a large bear. As Bruin didn't appear much disturbed Mr. G. very kindly retreated.

The boarders are somewhat few in numbers at present.

A Haine and Logan flag is soon to be hung out.

Mrs. Vaughn of New York is visiting her father, Samuel Akers.

Mr. John Akers cut his hand quite badly with a scythe a short time since.

Our Brass Band is succeeding finely. It is to furnish music at the coming flag raising.

The great excellence of the Boston & Maine Railroad is attested by its increasing popularity. Thoroughly managed and equipped, running direct between the most thriving cities of Maine and Eastern Massachusetts, and combining superior accommodations with low fares, it is the favorite route of Maine people.

REPUBLICAN SPEAKERS.

Gen. J. L. Swift, Andover, Saturday, Aug. 18.

Gen. James A. Hill, Portland, Sunday, Aug. 19.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Monday, Aug. 20.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Tuesday, Aug. 21.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Wednesday, Aug. 22.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Thursday, Aug. 23.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Friday, Aug. 24.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Saturday, Aug. 25.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Sunday, Aug. 26.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Monday, Aug. 27.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Tuesday, Aug. 28.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Wednesday, Aug. 29.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Thursday, Aug. 30.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Friday, Aug. 31.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Saturday, Sept. 1.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Sunday, Sept. 2.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Monday, Sept. 3.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Tuesday, Sept. 4.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Wednesday, Sept. 5.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Thursday, Sept. 6.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Friday, Sept. 7.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Saturday, Sept. 8.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Sunday, Sept. 9.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Monday, Sept. 10.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Tuesday, Sept. 11.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Wednesday, Sept. 12.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Thursday, Sept. 13.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Friday, Sept. 14.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Saturday, Sept. 15.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Sunday, Sept. 16.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Monday, Sept. 17.

Gen. Wm. H. Burleigh, Portland, Tuesday, Sept. 18.

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Photo Price List.

Galveston, \$3.00 per Doz. Cards, \$1.75 per Doz.

Finished by the best finisher in Maine.

Cheap Dry Plate Photos, \$1 per Doz. Clear, bright, finished by the best finisher in Maine.

In all colors, for \$2.50.

The best facilities in the State for copying old pictures. Cards and specimens free.

J. K. CHASE, Oxford, Me.

Gold Academy!

Bethel, Me.

Fall Term begins Aug. 26, '84.

TUITION:

English Branches, \$5.00

Languages, 6.00

For Catalogue, address the Principal, H. W. JOHNSON,

MISS WING, Preceptress, Bethel, Me.

(Wellesley College.)

Horse Hoes and Cultivators!

I. X. L. Iron Frame Horse Hoe and CULTIVATOR Combined.

Containing 5 Double Pointed Steel Blades and 3 HULLERS. Best finished hoe in the market. Price \$12.00.

Champion Horse Hoe and Cultivator combined for the purpose of hoeing and cultivating. Price only \$7.00.

STEEL CULTIVATORS of different patterns and sizes for sale separately.

Manufactured and for sale at wholesale and retail, by

P. C. MERRILL, South Paris, Me.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGE.

Fall Term begins Tuesday, Aug. 19th.

Faculty of Eleven Teachers.

Excellent College Course for Ladies; College Preparatory and usual Seminary Courses.

Normal Department; Conservatory of Music, with Full Courses.

Art and Commercial Department; Healthy Location; Best Moral Influences; Expenses Light.

Best Musical Advantages in the State.

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